murmuring sea. Tomb and church stand on a promontory which is indeed the southern spur of the bay of Matavai, and I have never seen them other than remote and still. Around the grave grow iron-wood trees or casuarinas, than which there is no more lovely tree in the Pacific. It is a species of pine, with long green-grey needles, and every smallest breeze sighs in its branches.

Thus there is weeping for ever around Pomare V.

But not of men. None come here that I know.

Already creepers hide the foreign escutcheon and the great initial P; already there are cracks in the masonry. Behind is the railed pit in which was buried his furniture and effects, and they say the vengeance for a touch is leprosy. It has fallen in and the rail is decaying, but truly no one touches. No one cares* Only, as one stands on the deserted shore, the great peace of sea and

sky and mountain broods over all.

The tragedy is not less because there is not really anything visible to move one at all. I have known tourists bored and disappointed* The very monument is hideously European and Protestant of its day. He whom it commemorates